

- f. Northwestern Apple Packing House—No. 1204.
- g. Packing Apples in Boxes—No. 1457.
- h. Preparation of Barreled Apples for Market—No. 180.
- i. Spray Information for Virginia Fruit Growers—No. 102.
- j. The Propagation of the Common Fruits of Virginia—No. 87, February, 1928.
- k. The Apple and Peach Industries of Virginia.
- 4. Stark Brothers Nurseries and Orchard Company, Louisiana, Mo.
 - a. Guide to Profitable Orchard-
ing.
 - b. Stark Trees, Shrubs, and
Trees.
- 5. Winchester Chamber of Commerce, Winchester, Va.

GLADYS GOODMAN

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

The shore for some distance was dotted with castles, not unlike those which were built in the day when the good knights reigned; they were protected by well made stone walls; moats surrounded them and it was not uncommon to find a well in the castle yard. The castles were built by those who knew little of the cares of the world and who were innocent of all danger, whose bare legs were bruised and burned and scarred and scratched, it is true; but not from life threatening encounters.

Occasionally a mother would bestir herself from her chair to see what the fair builders were doing, but more often, "James, dear, don't go out too far this morning," would be all that broke the monotonous creak of the boards of the porch.

On this particular morning the castles were deserted. Once or twice a strong

wave washed into the moats and over the walls, almost wrecking the castles completely. No childish laughter greeted this disaster; no strong hands were ready to build them up. The builders were otherwise engaged. Back from the water's edge sat one, while the other seven walked slowly up and down the shore as if in quest of some treasure, sometimes stooping to dig, sometimes wading into the water and reaching down, but seemingly without success.

"Frances is such a gentle child, she wouldn't hurt the tiniest creature," remarked Mrs. Mellor, who stopped her knitting long enough to see that the children were in sight.

"And Robert," said Mrs. Austin—"do you know last night he said that when he grew up he'd be a minister, and he won't be six until next month. Isn't it a relief to know that they are starting out on the right path?"

"This morning," said Mrs. Leeds, "when I was——"

Just then a shout arose. "I've got one; I've got one!" and seven little figures ran as fast as their bare feet would allow to the one sitting on the sand.

"Surely they must have found something very wonderful; let's go and see."

As the mothers approached their children, they beheld an unusual sight. There in the sand was a hole; around it eight semi-serious, but intensely interesting faces; in it a fish wriggling for its life.

"Mother, when you were a little girl, did you ever bury fishes?" asked Frances, as the mother looked on in astonishment. "I'm going to be the grandmother at this funeral."

MARY L. SEEGER

THESE EXAMINATIONS

Examination Master: "Does the question embarrass you?"

Pupil: "Not at all, sir; it is quite clear. It is the answer that bothers me."